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THE FLAG OF THE WEST.

Dedicated to Gen. W. T. Sherman.

[NOTE.—There was much excellent poetry written by the Boys in Blue, during the war, which has never appeared in print. The following, found among the papers of a deceased Union officer recently, was sent to us by his widow.—*Ed. Trib.*

How softly and bright doth the moon glisten now
On the battle-stained flag of the West;
'Tis a signal of light to the heroic brow,
Of young soldier who pickets the crest.
His thoughts wander home to his friends loved and true,
To the dear ones, the fond ones, the best;
But he starts with an impulse: "Grand deeds would I do
For that be ming, free flag of the West."

How quiet the post, though danger reigns most;
'Tis midnight, all's hushed into sleep.
No footstep is near, not a sound can he hear,
Save the leaves rustling over the steep;
All is darkness around, upon his high mound,
Yet his vision now gladly doth rest
In the distance afar, on the brilliant night star,
Shining clear on that flag of the West.

And he thinks, at the sight: "Our cause it is right,
And our millions of freemen arrayed
Will crush and dissever foul treason forever,
Ere our liberty's life be decayed.
For our sons who have fell, let their blood bind the spell;
Drop a tear where their ashes now rest;
We'll always make room, to display at their tomb,
Their battle-stained flag of the West.

"Let tyrants well heed, for God hath decreed
That our flag, onward moving, shall be
A signal of death where Treason's foul breath
Taints the breeze of the land of the free.
Press onward, hurrah! that standard display
In the valley, on each mountain crest—
That flag ever true as heaven's pure blue—
That battle-scarred flag of the West."

BIG SHANTY STATION,
GEORGIA STATE RAILROAD,
June 18, 1864.

SAM S. LEFFINGWELL,
Private Co. M,
1st Reg. Ohio Vol. Cav.

Whisky Bob's Claim.

Whisky Bob was dead broke, very tired, and wanted to sit down and study his situation and what was best to be done.

"Here I be again, the same derned fool as ever, ruined by whisky after making piles of money; I just deserve it. What a doggoned jackass a human can make his self with whisky."

Taking up his pack, Bob toiled slowly up the ridge under the trees until he came to the top, where it flattened out in the level places and slight depressions. Birds were singing and flowers blooming around him; and, as he sat down to rest, he heard, to his astonishment, not very far off, the clear sweet voice of a female, singing.

Peeping cautiously under the young pine tree, there, in a little open flat, sitting on a rock, was the singer. It was a pleasant picture to look at for a lonely man—a tall, shapely, buxom young girl, with light golden hair, blue eyes, and very regular, pretty features. She was dressed in a short calico dress, with mocassins on her feet, and a sun-bonnet thrown back on her head. Her hand rested on a long Kentucky rifle. She was a representative of the better class of Western girls, who were continually, in those earlier days, arriving in the mountains of California from the long trip overland, emigrating in families from Kentucky and other States.

Whisky Bob listened to the song with delight, and gazed at the singer in admiration; and then, with his pack on his shoulder, coolly walked out in her presence, and, putting his pack down not far from her, sat down himself. Then she spoke to him:

"Well, Mister, who might you be, that walks into a young lady's drawing room without knocking, even on the bark of a tree?"

"Please, Miss, I'm called Whisky Bob—out prospecting."

"No 'miss' about it, Mr. Bob, please. My name, for short, is Nell Green to all friends, and to others—well, I've a shooting-iron," said the girl, and continued: "Your name of Whisky is a bad one, young man, and reckon shows you are being ruined by corn juice. Is that so?"

"Well, Nell, that's a fact—but rather rough," said Bob, who saw the girl had a half smile on her face.

"Now, Mr. Bob—without the Whisky—it seems to me," said Nell, "ye're throwing yerself away, and there might be something better for yer, if ye'd seek it," and she looked at him with an expression of some interest.

"I know it, Nell, if I could only do it."

"Got no folks, no family to keer for you?" said Nell.

"Nary one," replied Bob, "never had. I toted myself and pack up this ridge to seek my luck once more, and quit the corn juice and reform. I said to myself, 'Bob, if ye could only meet a woman anywhere in these diggins and stake out a claim where she stood, it would bring ye fresh luck and ye might turn over a new leaf and be somebody once more.' And here, sure enough, I've met you."

"Ye mean right, I'm sure," said Nell, softly. "But down the trail away yonder I see my folks are coming along with their fixings and plunder, pau, mau, and the rest ov 'em. I must put out, stranger, but, Mr. Bob, let me say a kind word to ye on parting from a short acquaintance. You say a woman brings ye luck every time. Now I just hope I'll bring good fortune to yer, and you may take your pile out of this 'ere spot, though I can't see where it is. Mr. Bob," said the girl hesitatingly, "ef ye do not find it and act up to yer good intentions about corn juice—well, then, Mr. Bob, my folks are raising log houses and shed fixings down on the openings at the foot of the creek, away there you can see a break in the trees. We mean to locate." And walking up to Bob, she put her hand on his shoulder, "and Mr. Bob, if ye raise yer pile yer can bring jest a little piece of gold down for Nell to remember she brought a better life to ye."

He took his rocker and put it in running order down the ridge by a little pool of water, fed by a small stream, where he could bring his dirt and wash out for half an hour and then pack down more while the pool was filling with water again.

Next he went and rolled away the rock where Nell had been sitting and singing by the dry pebbles of the rivulet and taking his pick began digging out a ditch in the grass about two feet deep and two feet wide, down stream, and took the dirt to his rocker. He worked until sunset, only finding about six bits of coarse gold, but in his last bucket when washed out he found a good solid piece of gold weighing three ounces.

In the morning he arose by daylight, and after his breakfast of fried pork and coffee, ending with the usual smoke of his pipe, he went to work again, determined to work the gold out for Nell's sake, if he did not make a fortune.

He worked hard and steady through the day, only stopping at noon for some coffee and a smoke beneath the pine tree camp. The sun was very hot, but he didn't mind it. At night, when he washed out the result of the day's hard toil, he only had a dollars' worth of coarse gold, but he found a little piece of blue ribbon Nell had lost from her hair. This consoled him amply, and he kissed it and said to himself, "Bob, better luck to-morrow." His claim was what miners call "very spotted," for the gold was scattered in spots here and there. The next day and the next, brought him the same result—about enough to pay expenses, or as the miners call it, "grub money."

The fourth day, just before he washed out, in his last rocker of dirt, at sunset, he found two pieces of gold, one worth $150, the other full $200. Bob was happy that night, and tied the blue ribbon with a leather string round his neck, so that it could rest on his heart. The next two days brought no big pieces, but the seventh he took pieces of gold from the clay-like cement weighing $750. It was dark colored gold, pretty solid, and twisted into strange shapes, with holes in it, but not appearing much worn, or, in mining parlance, "washed."

When the miners passed him daily on their way to divide, they stopped to ask what his luck was, and when they saw a very little coarse gold in his pan, they laughed at him. But Bob kept his lumps of gold in his pocket, or buried them beside the rock in his camp. In this way he worked on, taking sometimes large pieces of gold out, half as large as Nell's little fist, and then for days very little.

He now examined and weighed his gold, and found that he had about $8,000, mostly in heavy pieces. This was a pretty good fortune for seven weeks' digging, and Bob felt an unconquerable longing to go and tell Nell about it. The next morning by daylight he cleared up, packed up his things and started down the ridge to the nearest trading tents. But in his blankets carefully strapped out of sight, was a heavy bag of gold in place of a whisky bottle.

It was early in the day yet, and Bob set out to find the ranche of Nelly's people, leaving his pack, except the blanket containing the gold, which was slung over his shoulders on his pick handle.

In a little over a mile's walking he found a pretty valley at the mouth of the creek, where some new log houses, fences and clearings indicated Nell's home.

In a back room, with her white, strong, beautiful arms bare to the shoulder, stood pretty Nell at the washtub, very busy in a stream of soapsuds and Kentucky jeans, singing as free as a bird.

Bob put down his pack and walked in, but Nell's quick ear heard, and she turned and saw him, and her cheeks flushed and her eyes sparkled.

"What! Bob, is that you come at last, in store clothes too?" said she, glancing with bright eyes at the young man, and with poorly disguised pleasure.

"Certain, sure Nell; you said I might come."

"Yes, Bob, but how about the whisky?"

"Nell, I haven't touched a drop since you saw me; if I have they may shoot me. And what's more, I don't mean to—if you say so," replied he.

"An' Bob, did I bring luck to yer? Was there gold up thar?"

"Nell, there's six thousand dollars and more, rolled up in them blankets thar. I owe it to your pretty self, or I'm a nigger. And, Nell, just look here," and Bob took from the breast of his shirt a package carefully wrapped in paper, which had rested on the bow of Nell's blue ribbon he had found, and which she plainly saw. Unwrapping it, there was a piece of gold, in the shape of a spread eagle, almost exact in every part, weighing over six ounces.

"Nell, you said I might bring you a specimen from my pile, and here 'tis."

"Yes, Bob, but what gal's bit of ribbon is that yer so keerful about?" said Nell, with a loving look, but turning her face from him mischievously, and stirring the soapsuds.

"That ere," replied he, "broke loose from the hair of an angel that met me on the mountains, yonder, and said some kind words to a dead-broke man, that gave him new life, and what's more, brought good luck, the thing as a charm to lighten his thoughts when he felt downhearted."

"Yes, Bob," said she, "but ain't that talk kind of of airy? Angels don't flit round these diggins, as I ever heered ov."

"Yes, Nell, that's so; but any woman's an angel to man that's going wrong, who, in the loving kindness of her heart, encourages him to do right, and that's what you've done for me. That ere gold come to me by luck from you, and if ye'd only take it with something else"—

"With what, Bob?" but Nell still kept her face turned away, while he was edging still closer to her.

"Well, Nell, if I must make the riffle, just take Bob with the dust and make him a happy man for the rest of his life. He loves yer, and would die for yer, any time," and Bob stole his arm around her slender waist.

Nell at last turned her blushing face, and looking roguishly at Bob, said: "Don't you think, Bob, it would be better sense to say you'd live for Nell than to die for her?"

Bob did not speak, but drew Nell to him, and kissed her. Nell, somehow, had her hands so entangled in the soapsuds and clothes that she couldn't resist, but she pouted her lips, and Bob took his kiss back from them.

Three years after the above events happened, in that same valley, was a very pretty cottage with a garden and flowers around it, that indicated taste and refinement, and the whole clearing had become extensive, with its buildings and improvements. Here resided Mr. Robert Stinton and his happy wife, the handsomest and happiest couple in the northern counties.

Mr. Stinton was a prosperous cattle dealer, well-to-do, and few remembered that there ever was such a man as Whisky Bob.

Suicide by Imagination.

One evening a short time ago, a handsome and well-dressed young lady, living with her father well up toward the summit of Nob Hill, hastily entered Joy's drug store, on the corner of Mason and Post streets, and asked for some arsenic. She asked for two bits' worth, saying she wanted to kill some troublesome cats with it. Noticing her unusual agitation, Mr. Joy gave the young lady a tablespoonful of precipitated chalk—a harmless powder, resembling arsenic.

The young lady left the store, and carefully hiding her purchase, returned home. Going to her room, unobserved by any of the household, she prepared for death, for the arsenic was intended as a means of suicide. Certain letters were hastily looked over and arranged, a whispered prayer for forgiveness followed, and with desperate determination the whole of the contents of the druggist's package was swallowed. The unhappy young woman lay down in her bed in a delirium of excitement. Her brain was in a whirl, and her blood rushed and throbbed through every vein.

She felt that death was approaching, and confident that the work of the deadly drug was too far advanced to be counteracted, she left her room, and, gliding into the parlor, announced to her father and a young gentleman there what she had done. The gentlemen were wild with consternation. While the father supported the now sinking form of his daughter, the young gentleman raced in desperate haste to Joy's drug store. The druggist explained that no antidote was required; that the young lady had only taken a spoonful of chalk.

"But she is dying—unable to stand!" gasped the young man.

"That's the effect of imagination. Explain to her the true state of the case and she will recover."

The young man hastened back with the joyful intelligence. The would-be suicide, resting in the arms of her distracted father, was sinking rapidly. Her recovery, which was amazingly rapid, was hastened by her rage at the druggist.

"It is not the first time I have saved a life in that way," Mr. Joy said to a reporter. "A woman came in here one day and asked for morphine, and I gave her some sulphate cinchona, which resembles it in appearance, but is a harmless stimulant.

"An hour afterward the woman's sister rushed in here and accused me of aiding a suicide. 'My sister has gone away in a rage to take the poison you gave her.' It afterward appeared that the would-be suicide went out on the hills, took the dose, and lay down to die. After waiting for same time, and recovering from the terrific excitement the act caused, she felt an unconquerable desire to return home and get a square meal, for the stuff I gave her is a famous appetizer."

A PHILADELPHIA man who detected a piece of bark in his sausage visited the butcher's shop to know what had become of the rest of the dog.